VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, JANUARY 25, 1906 NUMBER 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The truth which another man has won from nature or from life is not our truth until we have lived it. Only that becomes real or helpful to any man which has cost the sweat of his brow, the effort of his brain, or the anguish of his soul. He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom.

—*David Star Jordan.*

CONTENTS

Hymn to Genius—*Victor Hugo* 381
Notes 381
The Departure of Giants 382
The Curse of Intoxicants 382
THE PULPIT.
The Limits of Religious Fellowship.—*R. Heber Newton* 384
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.
A Third Alternative.—*T. D. B* 389
Welcome to Unitarianism.—*W. H. Ramsay* 389
League of Religious Fellowship.—*C. A. O* 389
THE WATCH TOWER 389
THE STUDY TABLE.
Notes.—*E. P. Powell* 390
Helps to High Living.—*Edwin Markham* 391
Child Labor.—*W. D. Nesbit* 391
Human Conduct.—*C. Hanford Henderson* 391
A Winter Artist 391
THE FIELD.
Foreign Notes.—*M. E. H* 392

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI | THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1906 | NUMBER 21

HYMN TO GENIUS

The work of man is the echo of the work of God.
Star or thought, one hears in the masterpiece below the echo of the masterpiece on high.
Shakespeare, Dante, Job, Aeschylus! your genius in itself is a harmony in the azure depths.
It broods upon the world and the shadow and the blue heavens and all existence, and its works are its reply to God.
It enlists the Ideal in its vast pursuits.
Behold! God made the Ocean; man made Hamlet. Quits!

—*Victor Hugo.*

The death of Rev. A. N. Haskell of San Jose, Cal., removes an active friend from the list of Congress supporters. He was one of the men who gave cordial welcome to the representatives of the Congress when they visited the Pacific Coast some years ago. The doors of his church were thrown wide open and large audiences gathered; the life of the town was touched with a spirit of fraternity. A friend writes us: "His soul knew not the touch of sordid things. His example was an inspiration to those who knew him. His great heart was filled to overflowing with the love of humanity." The world needs more of such men.

Whatever the final verdict of wisdom may be concerning Maeterlinck's much discussed play of "Monna Vanna" we venture to predict that it has been the occasion of introducing a new star onto the tragic stage in the person of Bertha Kalich, who was discovered as a Yiddish actress in New York. The fire, the artlessness of her art, the quality of her voice, the intensity as well as the fineness of the intellectual appreciation of the lines are such as are worthy the long descent of woe which belongs to the Jewish race. In this connection, Zangwill's story of the Yiddish Hamlet in the January *Century* magazine commends itself to our readers.

The multiplicity of topics, the complexity of things near, has necessitated the slighting of the Benjamin Franklin centennial in many ways. It is hard even at the end of two hundred years to justly appreciate this many-sided man. He had much to do in giving birth to the United States. His record as a diplomat, a legislator, journalist and author is a striking one, but perhaps his greatest contribution to human happiness may yet turn out to be "Poor Richard's Almanac." Here he almost rises into the realm of Bible-makers. The *New England Magazine* for January reproduces some eight pages of the original "Poor Richard's Almanac." Surely some enterprising publisher will seize this opportunity of giving us a facsimile reproduction of this great American classic.

A large and significant meeting was held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, last week, in the interest of municipal suffrage for women in the new charter for the city of Chicago, now in process of incubation. Mrs. Henrotin presided. Addresses were made by Mrs. Stewart, Miss Jane Addams, Miss O'Connor of Rockford and the senior editor of UNITY. The time to argue either the competency or the practicability of woman suffrage has gone by. The list of cities in Europe and America where municipal suffrage is granted to women, offered by Mrs. Henrotin, was a startling surprise, a revelation to most of the auditors, although it was a reasonably well-informed assemblage. Will Chicago dare yield to the manifest destiny in this matter or will it hesitate until greater pressure will compel it to the just thing, when there will be no further honor in the doing? The charter commission has a great opportunity to put Chicago forward in the list of progressive cities.

Recent reports to the military office at Washington show that the government is losing four hundred thousand dollars annually on account of desertions and the army staff is at its wits' ends as to how to account for the same. One of the reasons furnished in a recent official report is said to lie in the unequal treatment of the commissioned officers and the private soldiers. The cook of a cavalry troop found embezzling a cake of soap valued at eight cents was sentenced to six months' prison service and loss of pay and a dishonorable discharge, while a captain who systematically sold supplies of coal, wood and kerosene to civilians, pocketing the proceeds thereof to the extent of seven hundred and thirty-four dollars, was let off with a reprimand. It will slowly but surely dawn upon our military officials that army life is unwholesome, incompatible with the intelligence that becomes a free citizen in a democratic government and that it is the mission of democracy to reduce the army to the minimum and to elevate the service to the maximum of intelligence. There is no room in the United States for Tommy Atkins.

Perhaps the government, in its quest for illicit combines in business, might well look into the recent combination of the Chicago dailies to advance the price of their Sunday papers to the boys from three and a half to four cents per issue, while the street price is kept at the same five cents, although boys having regular routes are permitted to charge twenty-five cents a month. That is to say, paying the price of sixty papers a year for fifty-two issues. All the

Chicago papers, with the exception of the Chronicle, have gone into this combine, which cuts off one-third of the revenue of the newsboy. The Sunday issues of these papers is quoted at one million and a quarter, which gives a net increase to the revenue of the papers each Sunday of $6,250; not much, it would seem, for these great concerns, but very much to take out of the incomes of the boys, many of whom are working their way through school or are helping support dependent mothers, brothers and sisters. The newspapers claim that the rise is necessary in order to meet the increasing expense of producing the Sunday paper; a contention altogether probable. But why inflict upon the public so expensive an intrusion? It is not the public clamor, but the sharp competitions within the newspaper offices themselves that make these vulgar blanket sheets of Sunday papers unwelcome necessities. They create a reluctant demand which they proceed to fill. Some day a journalistic prophet will make friends for a Sunday morning paper on account of what it suppresses; its genius for under-statement; its power of condensation; its classic taste. As it is, the Sunday paper is a menace to culture, to refined tastes, to say nothing about its influence on morals and religion. Who will give us a small Sunday paper that will carry with it sacramental power as it pleads for things that are lovely and of good repute?

The Departure of Giants

Chicago within a few weeks has been called to mourn the loss of four of her mighty men. When the Angel of History comes to write the story he will surely record, "There were giants in those days in Chicago."

Last week we gave over our pages to those who would do honor to Chicago's great chancellor, the spotless judge, the militant citizen—Murray Floyd Tuley. The same number carried our tribute to William Rainey Harper, maker of the Chicago University, the man who combined in a marvelous degree the enthusiasm of the scholar and the sagacity of the man of affairs. The Chicago University will always represent a remarkable and exceptional conjuncture of three great, indispensable, distinct forces, without either one of which the other two would have been inefficient, viz., the great wealth of John D. Rockefeller, the great opportunity, the magnificent vacancy of the city of Chicago, and the fertile brain and tireless enthusiasm of Dr. Harper.

Too late for mention in our last week's issue came the death of Marshall Field, Chicago's wealthiest man, reputed to be one of the three wealthiest men in the nation. Marshall Field stands unique among the men of great wealth in the United States today as one whose money came along the lines of legitimate trade. He began his business life in a country store and to the end he was a store-keeper, a great merchant, who, again as Dr. Harper, found in Chicago an adequate field in which to exploit his superlative talent. When a young man he brought hither from the New England hills a finely wrought and well-balanced constitution and Chicago did the rest—trained him by its ever-increasing opportunity, and promptly rewarded every wise investment of courage, sagacity and money. On his vast wealth there is no implication of taint, and his name will be a synonym of business integrity, commercial directness and personal simplicity. He escaped the besetting temptations of the wealthy man —bumptious habits, extravagant display and the debilitating retinue of attendants. He was from first to last a business man, living in such quiet and obscurity as his business would permit. Mr. Field was doubtless generous towards men and causes with which his busy life permitted him to come into intelligent contact. The half-formed museum, which bears his name, will doubtless be carried to its logical conclusion, in accordance with ample provisions which he in all probability has made. But in the main it must be said that Marshall Field's greatness up to the time of his death lay in his efficiency in business and the successful accumulations incident thereto. Of the higher justification of this accumulation it is too early yet to judge; it will depend upon the penetration of the will, yet unannounced, and the fidelity of his trusted administrators. For the ultimate justification of commercial, as of other giants, must be its contribution to the intangible life of the race, the impetus it has given to soul.

The name of Harvey B. Hurd is comparatively obscure beside those already mentioned, but he was worthy companion to them and deserves a place in this quartette of giants—one of Chicago's most public-spirited jurists; a man who was able in the chinks of time incident to a busy legal career, to befriend the orphan, perhaps do more than any other one man towards giving to Chicago its juvenile court, to devise the means that enabled Chicago to achieve the great drainage canal system; he was the president, professor and organizer of perhaps more than one law school; always a gentleman, quiet, but persistent, commanding respect and leading so modestly that he seemed to be a follower.

Rich is the city that has fallen heir to such a tradition as has been left Chicago by the death of this quartette of giants.

The Curse of Intoxicants

Strange as it may seem, temperance is not a popular pulpit topic. Even church-going people are not anxious to listen to temperance addresses. Why do people avoid serious considerations of temperance questions and reluctantly take part in the agitations incident thereto? Why do law-abiding citizens shrink from facing their responsibilities in the presence of this towering curse, this major menace to society, the fertile mother of crime, the inspiration of sin? Is it for the same reason that makes the sun blinding and

a cannonade deafening? The eye can stand only so much light; the ear can interpret only a certain range of sound. By the same token, perhaps, the conscience that is in daily contact with this iniquity, beset by this curse night and day, Sunday and week day, becomes benumbed. This insidious wickedness, fell debaucher of individual morals and of public interests, overwhelms the mind.

Perhaps there is another reason: It apepals so profoundly to the heart, so tears the sympathies and arouses the indignations that the advocate of temperance has almost necessarily become an emotional agitator; his appeal is so pre-eminently to the heart that the head has learned to distrust it. The old-time temperance orator was perhaps too prone to expose to public gaze the debauched man; perhaps he overworked the starved wife and freezing children.

However true this may have been of the past, it is no longer true. The temperance army has changed front; it is not now primarily a gospel contention, though it of course is and always will be that. The most effective temperance arguments now come not from the pulpit nor from the police courts, but from the class room, the doctor's office and the statistics of the economist. The temperance problem is now inseparable a part of economic studies. It has to do with taxes; with the health of communities, the efficiency of employes, the safety of travel. The strongest temperance societies today are railroad corporations, banking houses, insurance companies, and soon to be, if not now, labor unions. The most conclusive and unanswerable facts bearing on this subject are offered by the investigating committees of municipal, state and national government.

So the appeal of temperance is being changed from the emotional and oftentimes extravagant rhetoric of the temperance evangelist to the hard facts held in the firm grip of the business man, who will admit for argument's sake that a man has a right to make a fool of himself if he wants to; that it is his privilege to burn his stomach and debauch his brain if he chooses, yet he must not encroach upon the rights of another, endanger the lives of the innocent, lower the standard of public morals and become a burden on the public treasury through the complicated machinery of police courts, jails, etc.

This lifts the temperance problem, like so many others, out of the realm of individual ethics into that of social well-being. It becomes a civic responsibility to protect the communal rights and to advance the municipal interests.

Such considerations as these led the four ministers of the Oakland district of Chicago in their co-operative sermon last Sunday night to agree to jointly urge at least these four contentions, which they believe to be established by a consensus of science, experience and ethics:

1. A new emphasis of total abstinence, leaving the medicinal value of alcohol to be settled by the physicians. The sound man has no need of such stimulation in order to secure maximum enjoyment of body, mind and heart. Arctic explorers, military men and athletic contestants all agree that liquor is a menace to efficiency. The sensible thing, as well as the moral thing, is to do without it—if not for one's own consideration, then for the sake of others. Bibulous habits at banquet and family tables are to be deplored as allied to the deceptive pleasures of the barroom, the jug and the pocket flask.

2. Local option as the efficient road upon which governmental control and the ultimate suppression of the bad stuff is to be pursued. The triumph of this method was dwelt upon. Vast areas of the United States are already pre-empted to temperance by legislation that is as effective as are other enactments dealing with the passions of men.

3. The absolute abolishment of dram-dealing dance houses, a besetting and to a degree a new menace to girls and women, as well as to boys and men.

And lastly, the need of an increased respect for law; a persistent enforcement of the same by public functionaries. The only thing an officer has to do with any city ordinance or state statute is to do all in his power to enforce the same until it is repealed.

In the battle with such violators of law, the municipality has to contend not primarily with depraved appetites, lawless drinkers and saloonkeepers of low intelligence and low morals, but with a highly organized money combine. Brewers' and distillers' trusts are back of the most humble saloonkeeper in our great cities and they bring into his fight with law and order the most subtle tactics that keenest lawyers and abundant money can command.

In addition to these four points agreed upon in their preparatory study by these four ministers—a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Methodist and an Independent—one of them at least urged the fact that the testimony of physiology and experience prove that tea, coffee and tobacco enter into the list alongside of distilled and fermented liquors as objectionable intruders in the body physical and costly waste in the body politic.

UNITY would fain do its part towards marshaling another crusade, formulating another campaign, far-reaching, against these vices. It is high time to call a halt on genteel drinking and to rebuke the social concessions that make permissible in high life habits and expenditures that are reprehensible in the more humble walks of life. The outlook is hopeful when in this as in other fields like-minded men, in the church and out of it, lay as well as clerical, will stand together and make common cause against a common enemy.

Believe and trust; through stars and suns,
Through life and death, through soul and sense,
His wise, paternal purpose runs;
The darkness of his providence
Is star-lit with benign intents.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE PULPIT

The Limits of Religious Fellowship

By R. Heber Newton.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF RELIGION AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

My eldest son, who is an enthusiastic cross-country rider, tells me than the *raison d'etre* for fences is that they may be taken gaily, on the broad back of a great hunter, as the hounds give tongue and the huntsman's horn is heard.

To a "meet" of souls we gather this evening, quite conscious that in the world spiritual fences do, alas exist, but in the high-hearted sense that their best utility is that they may call us to the heartening sport of taking them easily; thus to find the fields of the ecclesiastical small farmers proving the broad and breezy commons of the free men of the spirit.

Fences have their uses in the world material. In the cruder stages of social evolution they are needed to keep cows out, and corn in. But the waste of them, the labor spent on them, and the money sunk in the ground with them! In due process of social evolution a community arrives at the stage where cows can be kept off the public roads, and, neighbors learning to get along without robbing each other's hen roosts and cribbing each other's cabbages, it seems to all together that fences are not things of beauty, and thus need not be joylessnesses forever;—and, having had their day, they cease to be.

In the world spiritual fences doubtless fulfill a need of the primitive man. Creeds keep heretical bulls of Bashan out of the green pastures of the saints. Institutions shelter the grain that the sower, going forth to sow, scatters on the human heart—so that it may live and thrive.

As Maurice truly said, a creed secures the mental tranquillity in which the spiritual life may unfold. It offers a crystallizing point around which the character may form. And, as many men have discovered, institutions serve as the bark, protecting the sap of the tree which the Lord hath planted. But fences grow no crops. No wheat of God ripens on the stone walls which religion rears. And oh! the waste of them! The money squandered on them that might have gone into breadstuffs! The years of men spent in building them and keeping them in order! Years which might have gone into the productive labor whereby two blades of spiritual grass should grow where one grew before.

And so, sooner or later, the time must come in the soul-world when the folly of fence-building must be seen, when the waste of it must be felt; and fences shall fall into decay that our fields may yield a wider harvest. Sooner or later, the day must dawn when the enthusiasm which has spent itself on the staking out of the claims of rival religions and on the armed watch over them, shall turn into the sane and sensible spiritual labor of a co-operative commonwealth of souls; when a common system of irrigation shall provide conduits for the water of life flowing forth from beneath the throne of God, so that the most arid spot of our dead lands, social, industrial and political, shall blossom as the rose.

So to our happy work of the week in taking fences!

I.

The limits of religious fellowship are the limits of religion. According to our conception of religion, will be our conception of its fellowship.

Religion itself is a growth. Like all the other phases of human life, it is subject to the processes of evolution. It is ever widening with the widening range of human life. With this widening the limits of its fellowship expand.

As far back, perhaps, as we can trace the story of man religiously, the family was the nucleating center of religion. Religion was a family bond, because it was a family rite. Marco Bozzaris was a favorite hero of my boyhood. I loved to declaim his famous—"Strike for your altars and your fires!" Wholly unconscious was I then of the interesting bit of history embalmed in those words. In the house of every Greek and Roman was an altar. On this altar there were always a few lighted coals. It was a sacred obligation for the master of every house to keep the fire up, night and day. Woe to the house where it was extinguished! The fire ceased to glow upon the altar only when the entire family had perished. An extinguished hearth, an extinguished family, were synonymous expressions among the ancients. It is evident that this duty of keeping fire always upon an altar was connected with an ancient belief. It was not permitted to feed this fire with every sort of wood. Religion distinguished among trees those that could be employed for this use from those which it would be impiety to make such use of. The fire was something divine. The family adored it, and presented to it offerings of whatever was believed to be agreeable to a god. The sacred fire was the providence of the family. The meals cooked upon it were sacredly used They were religious rites. Every meal was then a lesser sacrament. The Lares and Penates were the gods of the home. There was a "household church."

As the religion of these primitive ages was exclusively domestic, so also were its morals. Religion did not say to a man, showing him another man: That is thy brother. It said to him: That is a stranger. He cannot participate in the religious rites of thy hearth. He cannot approach the tomb of thy family. He has other gods than thine, and cannot unite with thee in a common prayer. Thy gods reject his adoration and regard him as an enemy. He is thy foe also. In this religion of the hearth, man never supplicated a divinity in favor of other men; he invoked him only for himself and his. A Greek proverb has remained as a memento of this ancient isolation of family prayer. In Plutarch's time they still said to the egotist: You sacrifice to the hearth. That is to say, You separate yourself from other citizens; you have no friends; your fellowmen are nothing to you; you live solely for yourself and yours. This proverb pointed to a time when all religion, housing around the hearth, the horizon of morals and of affection, had not yet passed beyond the narrow circle of the family. (The Ancient City, Coutanger, Page 124 ff.)

So with the wider groupings of men. When several families formed into a tribe, there became a tribal religion, a tribal god. Jehovah was the tribal god of Beni-Israel, the sons of Israel. He belonged to them; they belonged to him. All who were the children of the common father, Israel, were brothers one to the other, had a right to partake in the common religion All outside the rites of the Beni-Israel were aliens strangers and enemies. There could be no religious fellowship beyond the religious bond of the tribe.

Thus, as the groupings yet further enlarged and the

gens or tribe passed on into the city, there became a religion of the city. Religion was a civic function, a civic bond. Plato's dream city held its election in its temple. We hold ours in or near the saloon. Religious fellowship was bounded by the walls of the city. So were moral obligations.

When cities drew together into a state, all who were members of the same nation were included in the state religion; had one and the same religious rites and recognized a religious fellowship.

Outside the state there were only strangers, aliens, enemies. The limits of religious fellowship were drawn by the boundaries of the nation. Over the river which separated two peoples, no bridge of religious sympathy spanned. This may give us a hint as to that singular fact of the apotheosis of the Roman emperors. The Roman emperor was the head of the state, and as such he was the crown of its religion, its embodiment and personification. Therefore he was divine and to be worshiped. Therefore, again, to cut aloof from the religion of the state, to refuse to worship the Emperor, was to pass beyond the bonds of religious fellowship, and so of social fellowship. Such refusal pronounced one an alien, a stranger and an enemy. This was the cause of the condemnation of the early Christians. Because of this they were judged to have no religion, to be "atheists."

When Christianity arose upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, it was a new, world-wide organization—a new imperial state. The nations and races of earth were drawn together into a new and higher unity—the unity of mankind. A blood-bond was found, uniting Jew and Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond and hath made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the earth." It embodied therefore a universal religion. The limits of its fellowship should, then, have been the limits of mankind. But the time had not come for such a conception of universal religion. From beginning, the church proceeded to divide itself into infinitesimal sections, schools, parties, sects, churches. These have continued, varying, but ever renewing themselves, down to the present day. As we gather here together, there are no less than three hundred and fifty sects in Christendom. Each of these divisions of Christianity is centered around some one special feature of Christianity. Here it is a belief which dominates the mind of man and becomes a synonym for Christianity. There it is a rite which is deemed to be the very essence of the Christian religion. A creed or an institution is the foundation stone of each sect, each denomination, each church of Christendom.

Theoretically, there is no denial of the truth that the fundamentals of Christianity are beliefs which are held in common among all Christians. Practically, there is a denial of this truth. The very fact of the existence of the sect implies that there is something more important than our "common Christianity," viz., our peculiar and private Christianity. It is all very well to love and hope and believe, but the prime thing is to observe our ordinance, to maintain our dogma. The creed, the institution, becomes unconsciously the dominant factor of our peculiar brand of Christianity.

This may seem a hard saying, but it is true of all of us alike. I may speak freely of my own church,—which, despite its grave faults, I well love. Why should we Episcopalians separate ourselves from all other branches of Christendom, declining to allow their ministers to officiate in our pulpits or to minister at our altars,—except that we believe a something vital inheres in the Apostolic order of the Church? The Apostolic succession is then essential to a true Church. It constitutes the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*—the article of a standing or falling church. It differentiates the divine organism from the amorphous societies falsely called churches. As with one church, so with all churches—though I desire not the invidious task of further illustration.

No sect realizes this sectarianness of its belief. God thus mercifully pardons us all, and the Christ therefore bears with us all, sighing again: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" But the very fact that we are separated as Episcopalians and Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians, really affirms that the one important thing in Christianity, according to our several conceptions, is that which constitutes Episcopalianism, or the Baptist church, or Presbyterianism, or the Methodist church. The limits of religion, then, ought to be drawn around the Episcopal church, the Methodist church, the Baptist church or the Presbyterian church. We may not naively ask, as the child asked its mother—"Is God a Presbyterian?" We may not picture God, after the fashion of certain mediæval artists, as a divine pope. But we all believe what comes perilously close to such childish conception.

What, then, is religion, as in the evolution of the soul of man we now see it? I essay no philosophic definition of religion. I am content with certain ancient and simple definitions known to all: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." "What doth the Lord, thy God require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood (that is the life) of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

These are the venerable and sacred definitions of religion, honored by Christendom, however neglected by it. By these definitions of religion, and by these alone, may we draw the limits of religious fellowship. This is not sentiment, it is spiritual intuition, spiritual prophecy. These great words depict the true reality of religion. Wherever, then, I find a man living the Golden Rule, walking in the Spirit, loving God and loving man, dealing justly, showing mercy and walking humbly before God, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, keeping himself unspotted from the world; wherever I find a man thus living ethically and spiritually, there I find a religious man, there I recognize the presence of religion, and there I feel the bonds of a man, the including limits of religious fellowship.

II.

Instead of discussing this theme abstractly, let me illustrate it concretely, since religion, after all, is a concrete matter, the life of the human soul.

I have been reading lately the story of two men widely separated from each other, and as widely separated from us all who are gathered here this evening. I will tell you something of them, and leave you to judge whether the limits of our religious fellowship embrace them.

The spirit of one is embodied in a little book enti-

tled "The Practice of the Presence of God, the Best Rule of the Holy Life." A friend reports him as speaking thus in conversation with his friends: "That he had always been governed by love without selfish views; and that, having resolved to make the love of God the end of all his actions, he had found reasons to be well satisfied with his method. That he was pleased when he could take up a straw from the ground for the love of God, seeking him only and nothing else, not even his gifts. * * * That he had long been troubled in mind from a certain belief that he should be damned; that all the men in the world could not have persuaded him to the contrary; but that he had thus reasoned with himself about it: 'I engaged in a religious life only for the love of God, and I have endeavored to act only for him; whatever becomes of me, whether I be lost or saved, I will always continue to act purely for the love of God. I shall have this good at least, that till death I shall have done all that is in me to love him.' That this trouble of mind had lasted for four years, during which time he had suffered much, but that at last he had seen that this trouble arose from want of faith; and that since then he had passed his life in perfect liberty and continual joy. * * * That when an occasion of practicing some virtue offered, he addressed himself to God, saying, 'Lord, I cannot do this unless thou enablest me;' and that then he received strength more than sufficient. That when he had failed in his duty he only confessed his fault, saying to God, 'I shall never do otherwise, if you leave me to myself. It is you who must hinder my falling, and mend what is amiss.' That after this he gave himself no further uneasiness about it. * * * That with him the set times of prayers were not different from other times; that he retired to prayer according to the directions of his superior, but that he did not want such retirement, nor ask for it, because his greatest business did not divert him from God. * * * That all bodily mortifications and other exercises are useless, except as they serve to arrive at the union with God by love; that he had well considered this and found it the shortest way to go straight to him by continual exercise of love, and doing all things for his sake. * * * That the foundation of the spiritual life in him had been a high notion and esteem of God in faith, which, when he had well conceived, he had no other care at first, but faithfully to reject every other thought that he might perform all his actions for the love of God. That when sometimes he had not thought of God for a good while he did not disquiet himself for it, but, after having acknowledged his wretchedness to God, he returned to him with so much the greater trust in him as he had found himself wretched through forgetting him. * * * That there needed neither art nor science for going to God, but only a heart resolutely determined to apply itself to nothing but him, or for his sake, and to love him only. That all consists in one hearty renunciation of everything which we are sensible does not lead to God; that we might accustom ourselves to continual conversation with him with freedom and in simplicity. * * * That the whole substance of religion was faith, hope and charity, by the practice of which we become united to the will of God; that all besides is indifferent, and to be used as a means that we may arrive at our end and be swallowed up therein by faith and charity."

"His example," as a friend wrote, "was a stronger inducement than any arguments he could propose. His very countenance was edifying, such a sweet and calm devotion appearing in it as could not but affect the beholders. And it was observed that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen (he was a cook) he still preserved his recollection and heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty, nor loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquility of spirit. 'The time of business,' said he, 'does not with me differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, when several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquility as if I were on my knees at the blessed sacrament'."

These quotations are taken from the records of one Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, a lowly and unlettered man, who, after having been a footman and soldier, was admitted a lay brother among the barefooted Carmelites at Paris in 1666, and was afterwards known as "Brother Lawrence." Surely this man walked with God, manifesting every sign and token of the spiritual life which is the flower and fruit of religion. In him truly was "pure religion and undefiled." The limits of religious fellowship, must they, then, not include him?

What though he were a Roman Catholic and we are staunch Protestants? We must either deny to him essential religion, or confess that we ourselves fail in true religion, or else sweep him into our arms in the fellowship of souls. I for one can never be a Roman Catholic. I differ widely and deeply from Roman Catholicism. Those differences seem to me serious. I must maintain my own convictions over against what seem to me its grave errors. But, nevertheless, I must also recognize those differences as minor matters in religion—the real, essential thing being the life of the spirit; that life of the spirit which we must reverently recognize in the barefoot Carmelite, and therefore dare not refuse to fellowship with him.

Let me take another illustration from one far removed from Brother Lawrence, not only geographically but in the wider spaces which heredity and environment place between him and the Roman Catholic monk.

This son of God was born of poor parents in a remote village of a great land far from us. He was early dedicated to religion. He became what in the Catholic church would be called an acolyte. It was his duty as a lad to serve the priests in their ministrations. In the sacred building wherein he ministered was a venerable image of the Divine Being. Gazing reverently upon this sacred image from time to time one idea came to possess his mind: "Is there anything behind this image? Is it true that there is a Divine Being in the universe? And is it true that that Being loves and guides this universe, or is it all a dream? Is there any reality in religion?" Day after day he would weep and say, "Is it true that thou art, or is it all poetry? Art thou the imagination of poets and misguided people or is there such a reality?"

This thought, which was foremost in his mind, gained in strength every day until he could think of nothing else. He would forget his duties in the ministry of worship. At last it became impossible for him to fulfill those duties. He retreated to a forest and lived there. Of this period in his life he said long after that he could not tell how the sun rose and set or how he lived. He forgot to eat—forgot everything but the thought possessing him. During this period he was lovingly watched over by a relative, who put into his mouth the food which he mechanically swallowed. As the evening would draw on and the

peals of the bells in the nearby temples reached him in the forest, the music of the chimes and the voices of the worshiping people would make the boy very sad, leading him to cry out: "One day is gone in vain and thou dost not come; one day of this short life is gone and I have not known the truth!" In the agony of his soul he would sometimes press his face against the earth and weep.

A divine madness seized the boy. Days, weeks, months passed in this struggle of his soul. He began to see visions. The secrets of his nature dawned upon him. Veil after veil fell from the infinite mystery.

A holy woman heard of him and sought him out that she might help him. Recognizing his trouble, she said to him: "My son, blessed is the man upon whom such madness comes. The whole of this universe is mad; some for wealth, some for pleasure, some for fame. Blessed is the man who is mad after God." A saintly and philosophic monk heard of him, and he, too, sought out the boy that he might help him. He taught the lad the philosophy underlying his sacred books, but soon found that the pupil was in some respects wiser than the master. He spent several months with the boy, at the end of which he initiated him into his monastic order and took his departure.

The lad's relatives thought that his madness would be cured if they could get him married. He had been betrothed at the age of eighteen. In her far off home, the girl had heard that her betrothed had become a religious enthusiast and that he was even considered insane. She set out to find him and to learn the truth for herself. A pure and noble soul, she was able to understand his longings and to sympathize with them. She renounced her claim upon him and bade him continue in the life to which he had given himself, only asking for herself that she might remain near him to learn of him. She became one of his most devoted disciples, revering him as a divine being. This experience was, in the far east, the parallel of the touching story of St. Clara and St. Francis. Through her revelation of womanhood, largely, he was enabled to gain the elevation of soul whence he could see in every woman's face only the reflection of the face of the source and spring of all womanhood, whom men as wide apart in time and in thought as Augustine and Theodore Parker were wont to call "our Mother God." Made pure himself, he could look upon every woman's face as transfigured with awe and reverence. Thus he was helped by a noble woman to cast out every lust of the flesh.

The love of money was also exorcised in his experience. The thought of worldly wealth he abandoned when he became a monk. Hosts of his devotees longed to bestow gifts upon him, but he received from no one aught more than that which sufficed for the simplest necessities of life. The sight of money filled him with strange dread. He long practiced a curious self-discipline. He would take in one hand a piece of gold and in the other a lump of earth. He would call the gold earth and the earth gold, and then, changing the contents of one hand into the other, he would keep up the process until he lost all sense of the difference between the gold and the earth. Thus, in these two experiences, he embodied the principle which is the heart of all religion, as taught alike by Buddha, and Marcus Aurelius, and Saint Francis, as lived supremely in the Christ of God—the principle of Renunciation.

His was no mere cloistered saintliness. In his latter years he ministered as a teacher devotedly and consumingly. But he did not begin to teach until he himself had learned the truth. The principle of his life was first form character, and then results will come of themselves. His favorite illustration was: "When the lotus opens, the bees come of their own accord to seek the honey; so let the lotus of your character be full blown and the results will follow."

That he won the loftiest character his revering disciples testify. One writes of him: "I found that man could be perfect even in this body. Those lips never cursed any one, never criticised any one. Those eyes were beyond the possibility of seeing evil. That mind had lost the power of thinking evil. He saw nothing but good." This same disciple writes of him that, though unlettered, the wise men from the great university in the town near which he dwelt would throng out to listen to him.

No wonder that to one who could thus say, "We speak that which we do know and testify that which we have seen," men flocked in crowds to still the hunger of the soul. To them he would talk twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and that not for one day but for weeks and months. He would not refuse to help the humblest of the thousands seeking his aid. A throat trouble developed. He could not be persuaded to refrain from teaching. "While I can speak I must teach them." So he wasted toward the end. As the news of his failing strength spread far and wide, the multitudes increased, intent on hearing him before he passed away. At last the end came. One morning he told his disciples that he would lay down the body that day; and, repeating the most sacred words of the sacred book of the land, he entered into unconsciousness, and so passed away.

One whom we knew in this land well and honored deeply, who "walked with God and was not, for God took him" but the other day, said of this saint: "In the midst of his emaciation his face retains its fullness and childlike tenderness, a profound humbleness and unspeakable sweetness of expression, and a smile that I have seen on no other face that I can remember." Speaking of his trances and ecstacies, the same writer declares of this saint of God: "That he sees something, hears and enjoys, when he is dead to all the outward world, there is no doubt. If not, why should he in the midst of that unconsciousness burst into floods of tears, break out into prayers, songs and utterances, the force and pathos of which pierce the hardest hearts and bring tears to eyes that never wept before under the influence of religion?"

This saint of God was known in his land as Paramhamsa Srimat Ramakrishna. He is regarded by thousands of his fellow countrymen in India today as a divine incarnation. Even in our western world he is recognized as perhaps the greatest saint of God in the modern world. (He was born the 20th of February, 1835.) The men whose testimony I have quoted are no less eminent that Swami Vivekananda and Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

Did this Hindu saint not embody "pure religion and undefiled"? Was not his religion the one essential, pure, vital religion? An alien to us, a man of another land, dark-skinned, brought up under thoughts which are strange to us, differing widely in many respects from us—is not this "heathen" one with us, as we ourselves are truly religious?

I do not slur over the intellectual differences between us and him. We cannot lightly cut our rootings in the past, out of which we have grown. We cannot easily change the environment which has so largely moulded us. We do not deny the evolution through which all ancient religions seem to us to have led up towards Jesus the Christ of God, and to have crowned themselves in his consciousness. Yet I can-

not but find in this Hindu saint the shining of that light, which, coming to the full in Jesus, was none the less the light "which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." If we draw the limits of religious fellowship short of this Hindu saint, those limits shut out religion itself.

Here, then, we have the barefooted Carmelite of the Catholic Church and the ascetic Yogi of the Hindu forest, at equally opposite extremes from us, each living essential religion, the religion which is the life of the spirit. The limits of religious fellowship must include them, must it not?

If you hesitate to accept this large truth on its own authority, wondering how it squares with the formulas of our faith, recall, I pray you that noble article of the oldest and simplest of Christian creeds. "I believe in * * * the communion of saints," the spiritual fellowship of holy souls. And this without a single qualifying word in the creed to limit this communion by any boundaries, even of Christianity itself! And then hearken to the fine exposition of this belief given in the Sarum Manual, one of the mediaeval progenitors of the offices of The Prayer Book. In the office for the Visitation of the Sick, the parish priest is directed thus to examine the sick man: "Dearest Brother, dost thou believe * * * in the Communion of Saints; that is, that all men who live in charity are partakers of all the gifts of grace which are dispensed in the church, and that all who are in fellowship with the just here in the life of grace are in fellowship with them in glory?"

III.

If this concrete study of the limits of religious fellowship has persuaded us of the principle involved, we may make two timely and urgent applications of that principle.

In New York city, almost simultaneously with our conference, a very remarkable body of representatives of nearly all the great denominations of Christianity in our country is to consider the possibility of federating our Christian churches for the practical work of religion in our land. Such a convention is surely a sign of the times, for which we should give God thanks, taking courage to strive still more earnestly for Christian union. But that conference deliberately declined to include representatives of Unitarianism. Probably it was justified in so doing on practical grounds. The first step towards the federation of the churches must needs be taken by the great evangelical bodies. And they doubtless are not yet ready to subordinate the intellectual tenets of Unitarianism to the ethical and spiritual life of Unitarians. They still count the notes of orthodoxy as of greater moment than the fruits of the Spirit. What men think about Christ is more important to them than what Christ thought about man. And so the door of that great conference was, with regretful courtesy, shut in the face of such Christian men as Edward Everett Hale, John D. Long and Samuel Eliot. Is not this lamentable action of that conference a recrudescence of a lower conception of religion than that which the Christ taught and lived?

The peace of Portsmouth introduced to the fellowship of the great nations of modern civilization a new and strange sister among the states of the world. Japan has made good her claim to be counted among the great powers of the world; has made that claim good in the splendid skill and the magnificent valor shown alike by her army and her navy. She has also made good her claim to be counted among the Christian nations of the world—if by Christian we mean the spirit, rather than the letter, of Christianity, the spirit of the teaching of the Christ, of his life itself. Through the terrors of war and in the pathos of peace she has shown the character which Christendom professes to consider its ideal, but which it persistently disowns in the life of its peoples. She has shown splendid self-control, the mastery of the lower passions by a firm will, a superb magnanimity, a heroic self-abnegation, willingness to sacrifice life gladly at the call of duty, readiness to forego the hard-earned fruits of victory for peace, the meekness to which was promised by our Master the inheritance of the earth.

Japan has thus illustrated her religious faith in her moral life; her faith in the supremacy of the ideal, in the over-lordship of righteousness; her faith in the continued life of those who have passed from earth; in the soul-mastership of her Lord Buddha; the faith whence has flowed the forcefulness for her victories in war and for her victories, no less renowned, in peace. Face to face with the white-skinned Christian stands the yellow pagan, asking the due of racial recognition, of religious fellowship.

Shall she have it? Will Christendom still call her "heathen," and patronize her pleasantly, while it proceeds to convert her? Or will Christendom trust its own Christ enough to welcome the light shining in her eyes, the light which "never was on land or sea," as rays of the one true Light of Life, and thus make ready for a spiritual exchange between the East and the West of the soul-goods of each, while thus best preparing the way for the Land of the Rising Sun to welcome the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing on its wings?

Read that remarkable article in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1905, entitled "Is the Moral Supremacy of Christianity in Danger?" and then gird yourselves, friends, for the solemn challenge with which the East now strikes the center of the shield of the West, summoning it to a test of faith such as Christendom has never known since the days of old, when the young religion strove with the venerable religions of the East, with Isis and Mithra and the Mother of the gods, and found itself in this mortal conflict.

No matter how most orthodox pastors caution you, no matter what most learned professors instruct you, trust the religion within you in fellowship with the truly religious everywhere, in "the freedom of the faith."

We may need our creeds and institutions a long while yet, but let these swathing-bands of the infant soul be elastic. Let them stretch as the life swells within the soul, the life which is the love of God and the love of man; stretch until the miracle shall be accomplished, and those whom our intellects judge to stand outside the limits of religious fellowship, the heart sees to be within the bands of a man. Oh! the shame and the sin of the waste of men and money over our petty, parochial pieties, our devotion to creeds and institutions, our slavery to sects and churches, our enthusiasm over the things which only separate us; while above us all, in our pitiful blindness, sobs the great heart of the Christ: "That they all may be one: as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

Men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments.

—*John Ruskin.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent

A Third Alternative

The Editors of UNITY.

Sirs: Is there no standing ground between the two camps spoken of in the thoughtful article by the Rev. W. B. Thorp in your issue of January 4 on the "Future Life"? He divided men into those who are certain of a future life and those who have lost all hope of it. Are we confined to these two alternatives?. I believe not, and venture to offer a third, namely, that of hope, in the words of the prayer book, a reasonable, religious hope. This alternative offers a position of reconciliation between the two camps. It has, I believe, as much religious value as the positive assertion and is quite as scientific as the position of disbelief. Indeed few men, even the most scientific, are ready to assert positively that death ends all. Men of scientific mind resent being called on to hold without question a belief which they do not find susceptible of proof, or indispensable to their thought, and so take refuge in skepticism; but absolute denial is a different thing.

If presented, however, as a reasonable and religious hope, the belief in a future life wears a different aspect, for it then asks no compromise with allegiance to truth. Nor is it too much to claim that such a hope is reasonable for it gives an explanation to our highest aspirations which are wanting without it, and science, which may not be able to prove the existence of a future life, certainly cannot disprove it. Nor in setting forth this belief as a hope instead of a certainty is religion so much the loser as may appear to many. In some respects we are gainers rather than losers, inasmuch as hope is a more religious attitude than certainty. "We are saved," says Paul, "by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, what doth he yet hope for?" To one this hope may come to seem a certainty, but he need not on that account deny its value to another who is less positive in his assurance.

The outlook for religion would be poor indeed if we were obliged to leave all who feel any doubt on this subject to the cold comfort of stoicism until positive and incontrovertible evidence on this point shall spring up from some unknown quarter. Let us arouse the hope that lies latent in the mind of many a skeptic, without asking that it shall become a certainty, and we shall find that we are giving to their stoicism the joy and inspiration which it lacks. Yours truly,

T. D. B.

Welcome to Unitarianism

We quote below from a personal letter and desire to frankly say that if it is true that Unitarians are actively engaged in the "work of reconstruction—seeking to build up a sane and rational type of Christianity," instead of criticizing the earnest workers who differ from them in creed, then the writer is in full sympathy with these purposes.

We had some definite cases in mind which seemed to justify our former characterization, but they may have been exceptional, and at any rate we are exceedingly glad to learn that many Unitarians are actively engaged in sincere efforts "to promote pure Christianity," and only need to remind our readers of the approval we expressed (in UNITY, December 21) of the Unitarian letter of Edward Everett Hale and others.

Dear Mr. Osborn: I was greatly interested in the letter of Mr. Ham, in the UNITY for January 11. * * *

I confess to a strong sympathy with Mr. Ham in his kindly protest and his defense of Unitarianism. I am myself in heartiest sympathy and accord with the purposes of the Congress of Religion, and I believe I have been a member of the Congress from the first. I have no desire to enter into a defense of "Unitarianism." Indeed, I heartily dislike the name "Unitarian" as applied to a body of churches. I believe, with the late Dr. James Martineau, that the name is inappropriate as a designation of a body of churches or even of a single church. * * *

For myself, I find that all my time and energy are occupied in the more congenial work of reconstruction—seeking to build up a sane and rational type of Christianity that will command the sympathy and coöperation of thoughtful and earnest men and women, who are becoming more and more alienated from the traditional forms of Christianity. I know that the same spirit and attitude are the prevailing ones among the Unitarian ministers of my acquaintance. * * *

You will, I feel sure, pardon my utter frankness when I say to you that the purposes of the Congress of Religion have no heartier sympathizer than I am.

With cordial greetings and best wishes for your success in your new work, sincerely yours, W. H. RAMSAY.

Church of the Messiah, Louisville Ky.

League of Religious Fellowship

The January meeting of the local organization whose flag bears the above title was held last week at the Lincoln Centre. A fine program included addresses by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Mary E. Holmes and Rev. J. H. McDonald, and the discussion was shared by many members. The writer was a guest at the meeting and the lunch which followed, and is pleased to record his high appreciation of this fellowship which has now been maintained with unwavering loyalty since the time of the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair.

This organization was born at the same time the Congress of Religion, was inspired by the same white event which stands supreme in the religious history of the world. It differs from the Congress in its plan and scope of activities—being simply local in character—but has essentially the same great purpose of uniting men of different faiths in the common cause of righteousness. The League holds four meetings each year, one in each quarter of Chicago, and discusses the practical problems that relate to the city, the church, the home and the education and redemption of the citizenship of this great city. We congratulate the League on its history and especially on its opportunity, and bespeak for it a much larger coöperation on the part of those who would see the kingdom of God coming more rapidly in Chicago. C. A. O.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Elections in England — The general Parliamentary elections in Great Britain have been a landslide for the Liberals and the Labor candidates. The late Prime Minister, Arthur J. Balfour, was one of the defeated Conservatives. The aggregate Conservative majorities of 7,321 in five Manchester districts have been turned into Liberal majorities of 11,111. The success of the Labor candidates has also been marked and the new Parliament will contain a very small remnant of the hitherto Conservative majority.

United States and Morocco — The International Court on affairs in Morocco was convened last week Tuesday and the United States was represented by two delegates. This is a precedent, established by the present administration, to which Senators Bacon and Hale took exception in speeches in the Senate last week. It is an interesting question how this government can become a world power, exercising more influence in the cause of the world's peace than other nations, and yet obey the mandate of certain leaders to "keep out of European muddles." Every opportunity is an obligation, and to demand the "open door" in Morocco—as in China—is not war but is human welfare.

Free Trade with Philippines — The week in Congress saw the passage of the Philippine tariff bill, or more accurately, the bill which gives free trade with the Philippines on everything except tobacco, sugar and rice. These articles pay 25 per cent of the regular tariffs for three years and then are included in the free list. In spite of the opposition of the Republican "insurgents," led by Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin, the vote stood 258 to 71.

"Pitchfork" at the President — Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, justified his soubriquet "pitchfork" in his outrageous attack on President Roosevelt in the Senate the other day. It is a curious fact that the mutterings of opposition to the President have grown louder recently, at least in the papers, and this characteristic outburst came at an opportune time—for Mr. Roosevelt. The net result seems to be that the Executive is more popular than ever and Senators who care for a political future will be slow to oppose the popular President.

Senator Depew will Retire? The resolution asking Senator Depew to retire, to which reference was made in these columns recently, was reintroduced in the New York Assembly and supported by one vote! But the vote in the mightier court of Public Opinion is not so favorable to the aged Senator. The almost uniform condemnation of the press of the country could not fail to shatter the nerves of any conscientious man were he only one tenth as guilty as Mr. Depew. If reports are reliable, the enfeebled health of the solon will soon render further discussion unnecessary.

Students go on a Strike Something new in the world of strikes was the revolt of the students in a rabbinical seminary in New York the other day, refusing to "labor" longer unless some seven demands were complied with. Perhaps the justification for calling this a labor strike is found in the fact that students in this seminary are not only given their tuition free, but are paid a small salary for coming to school! We can sympathize with their demands, however, that they be permitted to read the original Bible, instead of the Talmud only, and be treated like students instead of children.

Pauper Immigrants Special Immigration Commissioner Braum, in a report submitted to the House, declares that several European governments are flooding the United States with pauper hordes solely for the purpose of drawing huge sums of money from this country. It is to be hoped that the absurd laws that exclude all Chinese and admit hosts of immigrants that are much worse will soon be amended.

Football Under Ban Football abolished at Harvard, Madison, Columbia, etc., etc.. The Yale faculty and the "Big Nine" of the western colleges are still debating the problems. It seems certain at this writing that some semblance of the game will be preserved, but that the brutality and the gambling and the $40,000 gate receipts will not reappear next fall.

One Million Swallow Bait The story of the extensive frauds perpetrated by the "Force of Life Chemical Company" of New York has just come out. "Lecithin, the force of life, the power that makes man live and think" overcomes any disease and can even bring the dead back to life. So runs the advertisement, and over one million people in the United States decided to try the thing anyhow! Is there any limit to human gullibility? The people of the United States are amassing countless dollars and cents, but common sense seems to be scarce.

Electric Wonders The Electrical Show, which opened in Chicago January 15 was started by a wireless message from President Roosevelt: "Congratulations and best wishes." The long distance record for wireless messages was again broken last week, and it can only be a matter of time when New York and London will talk to each other across their backyards. In this day how much more true than when first written, "To be living is sublime"?

Crime in Chicago A wave of crime has swept over Chicago in recent days sufficient to arouse churches and ministers, as well as the press and public, to demand better police protection. By vote of the Council Committee five hundred new policemen are to be added to the force, and it is to be hoped the recommendation of the Mayor will be adopted and the number increased to one thousand. If the churches of Chicago, or even half of them, would unite (as a few did) in any such appeal for righteousness, who can set the limits to their power?

The Breakdown of Justice Not less important than the need of police protection is the need of a revision of the criminal procedure and a reversal by the Supreme Court of the rulings that now make possible a new trial which strict justice would deny. Said State's Attorney Healy last week in speaking of the breakdown of justice: "If the murderer of Mrs. Hollister should be arrested and brought to trial as soon as possible, and a jury should convict and fix the death penalty, the sentence would not be carried into effect until a year from next month." If such outrage of justice as is often seen in the Chicago courts is continued the certain result will be some form of mob law. It would be hard to condemn a man who refused to trust Chicago courts to execute justice against a criminal who has money.

STUDY TABLE

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I have "Back Home," by Eugene Woods. This book is a mixture of smartness and caricature; that is, in wretched taste. It lacks every way in dealing with a fine theme. Some of the burlesque is provoking, because it concerns what is very sacred to most people. Those were simple and unconventional people at the old home, but they were not such fools as this book portrays, nor were they such outlandish creatures, lacking in common sense. I wonder the book ever got into print.

E. P. Powell.

Another volume from Putnam's is "Social Theories and Social Facts," by William Morton Grinnell. This book is of the highest value to those who desire to comprehend the present social condition and social struggle. It has opinions, and they are spoken with the utmost bluntness. It is a small volume, very compact, without a superfluous word. It belongs in Mr. Putnam's "Questions of the Day" monographs—a list of volumes never surpassed by any publisher, as bearing on social and political issues.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I get one of the best books of the season, Sir Oliver Lodge's "Life and Matter," a criticism of Professor Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." I have not finished reading this book, but I discover its exceeding value along the line of books that discuss evolution. I should like to have every reader of my own volume, "Our Heredity from God," follow it by reading Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe,' and then this book of Professor Lodge's. It has a twang of the style current among English scientists—a courteous method of knocking down an opponent with a club in a bag—but it is a rarely valuable document. In no direction do we need such thorough sifting of argument as in this discussion of the problem of life and matter. We have come close up to a probable solution of the origin of life. We must be ready to adjust ourselves to new light.

"The Brothers' War," by John C. Reed, comes to me from Little, Brown & Co. You will not follow Mr. Reed in all that he has to say concerning the slavery struggle and its issue in war, but you will never be sorry that you purchased this book. I dissent emphatically from much that he has said, especially from the sentiment and assertion on page 352. Here he undertakes to make not only the Declaration of Independence a sham, but he brings in Jesus to advocate doctrines contrary to human equality. Any rational man understands that, by no possible interpretation, could we make Jesus anything less than an advocate and friend of human fellowship on the basis of equal rights. There is much more in the volume to which I emphatically dissent; but there is a great deal more which we ought to read, and especially what he has to say about the present condition of the negroes. It is a manly piece of work and a kindly effort. He takes the position that the southern people ought now to tolerate the freest discussion of every phase of the race question. It is by no means the final word on this matter, but it points in that direction.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Into his fateful heap of days and deeds,
The soul of man is cast.
MON.—No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rocks of Self-Desire.
TUES.—Sweeter are comrade kindnesses to Him
Than the high harpings of the Seraphim.
WED.—Time's touch can dim our sorrows and destroy,
But only Art can turn them into joy.
THURS.—And now men trace the orbits of the Law,
And find it is their shelter and their friend.
FRI.—Be launched before the high benign and Power
That goes untarrying to the reclaiming hour.
SAT.—Yes, each accomplished service of the day
Paves for the feet of God a lordlier way.

—*Edward Markham.*

CHILD LABOR.

You have paid the boy for the toil you bought;
He has had the price of his weary days
When he crushed the dreams that would come unsought,
When he heard the call of the woodland ways,
And the endless drone of the whirring wheels
Held the subtle surge of the blurred refrain
Of the mumbling bees in the grass that steals
Through the meadow fence and along the lane.

And the eyes that strained as he did his task
Felt the weight of dreams, till mirages came
And the dust-grimed walls were a sullen mask
Of the far fair hills where the flowers flame,
And the cluttered floor was a thing to fade
To a sweep of land with its velvet sod
And a laughing brook where a boy can wade
By the banks where drowsy blossoms nod.

You have paid the boy. Have you paid for all?
You have paid him fair for the work he gave.
But the pictures hid by the gloomy wall,
And the coaxing hands that the treetops wave,
And the country road where the wreathing dust
Marks the flying feet of a happy lad—
You have paid the boy, and your course is just;
Can you pay the fun that he never had?

For his ways today are the ways of man
And his face is set with the lines of age
Through the years of his are a little span—
Was he paid for this when he got his wage?
You have paid the boy—but he paid you more
Than the days of toil that he gave to you,
For he wasted all of the untold store
Of the wonder dreams that he never knew.

—*W. D. Nesbit, in the Chicago Tribune.*

Human Conduct

The tremendous moral significance of all conduct will be brought out more clearly if we consider the events of a single day, and especially the small events.

We waken in the morning. The room in which we find ourselves is full of moral significance. Have we slept with the window opened or closed? Is the air in the room sweet and wholesome, or stuffy and vitiated?

We are still in bed. Is the bed hygienically constructed, or is it not? Is it health-giving or health-taking? Is the pillow so high as to induce curvature of the spine, or so low as to encourage the rush of blood to the head? Are the covers suitable, not heavy enough to weaken and not light enough to expose? How is the body itself encased, is it suffocated in heavy flannels, which are to be worn continuously throughout the ensuing day, or is some thought given to the skin and its needs?

One is still in bed. Shall one get up at once, or shall one lie abed? Shall one be content idly to dream, half awake and half asleep, or shall one arouse oneself mentally and work out some problem of the daily life, some aspect of individual duty?

And then, when you *are* up, what alternatives present themselves at every step! Is the furniture of your bedroom convenient, does it allow you to carry on the several activities of the toilet with little friction, or is it clumsy and ill arranged, abounding in dust-harboring contrivances, and so stacked as to impede all wholesome movements? Is the room clean? Are the floor coverings and wall paper and window hangings reasonably free from germs and poisons? What of the bath, shall it be hot or cold, and what clothing shall be worn? When you are dressed, is it better to go directly downstairs to the family group, or to stop awhile with yourself, repeating aloud, or in your own heart, the hope and aspiration of the day? If you decide to stop, will the spirit be more refreshed by a few pages of good news, or by saluting the morning and the universe from your own window?

We do not commonly think of all these matters as having to do with the moral life, with the quest of that good fortune which bears inspection, but my including of them here is not at all fanciful. Each element that I have just named conditions the health and the spirit, gives color to the ensuing day, makes possible sound judgment, generous action, right relations, or makes them impossible. So deeply laden with consequences are these simple actions of the daily life that it would be irrational in the last degree to deny them a moral significance. On the contrary, their chief content *is* moral.—*From the Children of Good Fortune, by C. Hanford Henderson.*

A WINTER ARTIST

JACK FROST is a wonderful fellow,
And he wields a magical brush;
Such beautiful delicate pictures
As he paints in the midnight hush!

When we are soundly sleeping,
And are dreaming of Summer time,
This artist is busily painting
With only a brush and some rime!

He covers our chamber windows
With pictures pretty and quaint,
And many a sweet old fancy
No summer artist could paint.

There are crumbling old-time ruins,
And castles with turrets and towers,
And dainty angel faces
That smile from the setting of flowers.

There are dim and shadowy forests,
Where never birdling sings:
Bright pictures of fact and fancy
This wonderful artist brings.

He whitens the upland and meadow,
He fringes the fern plums with pearls;
He silvers the gnarled old tree trunks,
O'er the brook a mantle he hurls.

—*Scattered Seeds*

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. —*Emerson.*

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while care will drop off like autumn leaves.—*John Muir.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

ROME, PRO AND CON. In a single issue of *La Vie Nouvelle* occur these items:

Official documents show that from Jan. 1, 1898, to Dec. 31, 1904, in Austria 33,176 persons were converted from catholicism to protestantism.

In Italy the announced conversion to protestantism of a catholic seminary professor named Baye, was followed by an abjuration, which was naturally hailed with joy in clerical circles. But Prof. Baye, in a letter to Cardinal Satolli, declares that this recantation was forced. This letter, dated from St. Leonards-on-the-Sea, England, states the writer's convictions in no uncertain language. He says:

"You ask me to put my pen at the service of the bishop of Rome; I refuse, your eminence. I cannot be the soldier of deceit and error; I am not to be bought; I am not a scribe writing at the dictation of a bishop. Your Christ is not the Christ of the gospels. Your Christ is a metaphysical abstraction, a white, fragile wafer, the protector and accomplice of lies, a theocrat, and an earthly monarch. The Christ of the gospels is the way, the truth and the light, the crucified one of Golgotha, the implacable enemy of falsehood, the poor carpenter of Nazareth."

Mr. Baye is now studying at Oxford.

Of America this Swiss paper reports: While in Europe there is uneasiness in some quarters on account of the progress of Romanism, in the United States the contrary is the case. A very marked movement in favor of the Reformation is observable and causes disquiet at Rome. The *Mission of Christ* alone, in New York, numbers over 100,000 catholics brought back to the gospel.

In the same column we read:

The Pope continues to apply his program of ecclesiastical reforms undisturbed by the dissatisfaction of those who thereby lose their ancient privileges.

Pius X has repeatedly declared that the activities of the French religious orders, independent of all diocesan control, created in France, even among the members of the secular clergy, a tendency favorable to the legislation inaugurated by M. Waldeck-Rousseau.

The growing increase of religious orders in Italy causes a fear of similar effects in that country. This the Holy See wishes to prevent. To that end the Pope requires that in future members of religious orders, before being authorized to preach, must pass an examination before a committee of the synod organized in each diocese. Even the Jesuits, heretofore dispensed from submission to episcopal jurisdiction, now lose that privilege. Ever since his accession Pius X has restricted the powers of the Society of Jesus; at the present time it is his intention to deprive all religious orders, including the Jesuits, of the right to receive a confession without episcopal authorization, which will be granted only after examination before the committee of the diocese.

It is a custom of Swiss protestant churches to devote the collections made on Reformation day (the first Sunday in November) to the building of a church in one of the catholic parishes of the country. This year this collection is to be given for the construction of a church at Balsthal in canton Solothurn, where there are now over 1,500 protestants, scattered in ten villages and on isolated farms. They have had the use of an old catholic chapel, which has become quite inadequate; hence, the decision to build. The people have given 8,000 francs and the pastor, Emil Schmid, has collected 14,000 at Basel. One hundred and five thousand francs are needed, exclusive of furnishings, organ and bells. The church, to contain 580 sittings, is already begun and it is expected to be ready for dedication the coming spring.

A correspondent of *Le Protestant* condenses from the *Revue bleue* a suggestive article on the Catholic party in Belgium, finding in it some useful hints for French protestants, in view of the Separation. Blind are those, he says, who think that catholic faith and organization can be beneficially opposed by a vague, unfruitful, national irreligion. His summary of Mr. Louis Dumont Wilden's article is as follows:

Since the 16th century catholicism has been deeply rooted in Belgium. The philosophic propaganda of the 18th century was effective only in the chateaus of certain half-Parisian grand seigniors. So, when in 1787, Joseph II, emperor of Germany and Belgium sovereign, published his liberal edicts which destroyed the political privileges of the clergy, the entire population rose against him. In 1814, when the Congress of Vienna united Belgium and Holland to form a bulwark against French preponderance, the assembly of leading men convened by the king, rejected the constitution he offered them solely because it proclaimed liberty of conscience and equal rights for all forms of worship. French occupation and control during the first republic and the first empire had sown liberal ideas in the cities only. Following the revolution of 1830 the liberal party gained the ascendancy, thanks to the electoral law, but twenty-one years ago the catholic party came into control. What brought about this decided retrogression?

Our author explains it thus: Up to 1875 Belgium catholics remained loyal to the doctrines of the Syllabus and stood on the defense of their local liberties. The catholic generation of 1880 adopted a different policy. They overthrew the influence of the fanatics in their organizations. They frankly subscribed to the constitution which their predecessors had regarded as a passing evil. They abandoned doctrinal irreconcilability to devote themselves to social efforts. The catholics interested themselves in the grievances of the laboring class, which liberal individualism continued to ignore. The common people of the city and country found constant personal support in the catholic "circles." They laid hold of the peasant and laboring man from childhood up. They organized housekeeping schools, St. Luke schools, schools of architecture and of applied art. Catholic solicitude never abandoned the man of the people. Socialist coöperative societies were met by catholic coöperatives. Agricultural banks and offices, christian labor unions; all these institutions were brought under the secret or occult influence of the clergy. So the social movement has been guided into channels advantageous to the church and the catholic party, as a political group, has profited thereby to maintain itself in power for twenty-one years.

M. E. H.

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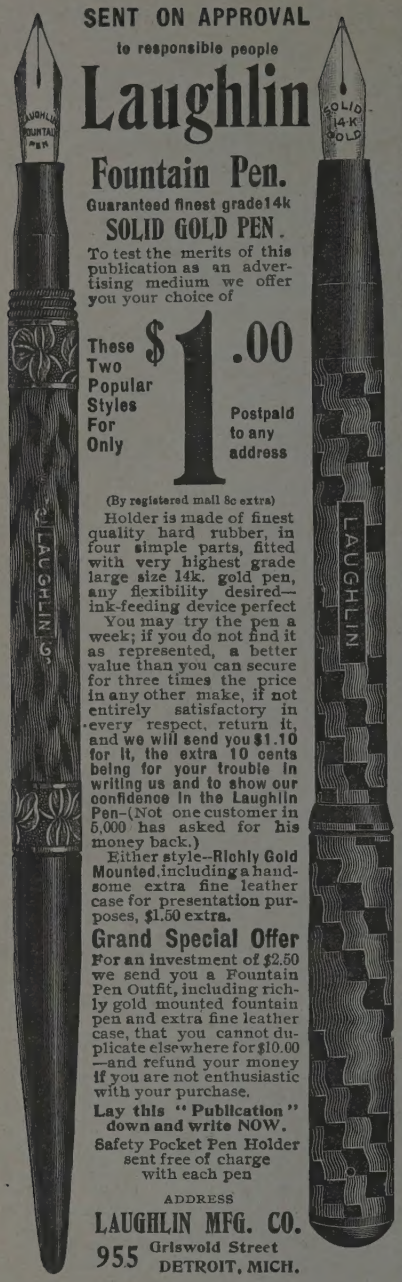

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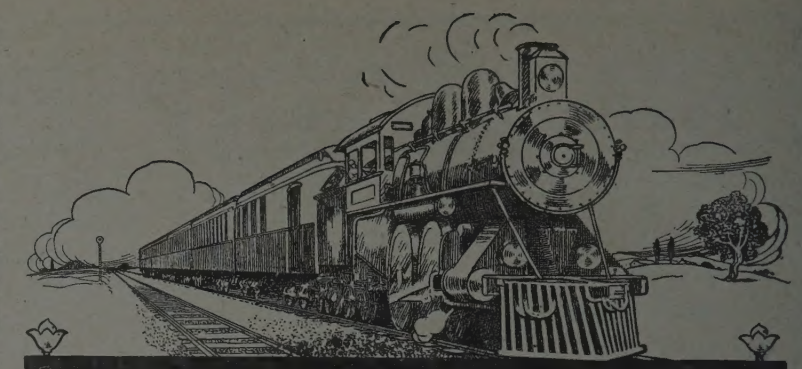

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